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THE TRAGICALL

History of the horrible
Life and death

OF
DOCTOR FAVSTVS.

Written by CH. MARLOW.



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The tragical history of Doctor Faustus.



Enter Chorus.

Not marching now in fields of Thracimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue,
In courts of kings where state is ouerturn'd,
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious daedes,
Intends our muse to daunt his heauenly verse:
Onely this (gentlemen) we must performe,
The forme of Faustus fortunes good or bad.
To patient iudgments we appeale our plaude,
And sprake for Faustus in his infancy:
Now is he borne, his parents base of stocke,
In Germany, within a towne call'd Rhodes:
Of riper yeres to Wirtenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him by,
So soon he profits in Diuinity,
The fruitfull plot of Scolerisme grac't,
That shortly he was grac't with Doctors name,
Excelling all, whose swete delight disputes
In heauenly matters of Theologie,
Till swolne with cunning of a selfe conceit,
His wahren wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting heauens conspir'd his ouerthrow.
Nor falling to a diuelish exercise,
And gluttred more with learnings golden gifts:

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The Turkeets vpon curst *Agromancy*.
Nothing soe sweet as magike is to him
Which he prefers before his choicest blisse,
And this the man that in his study liues.

Exit.

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Faustus. Settle thy studies Faustus, and beginne
To sound the deapth of that thou wilt professe:
Hauing commende, be a Diuine in shew,
Yet leuell at the end of euery art,
And liue and die in Aristotles works
Sweet Analitikes tis thou hast rauisht me,
Bene differere est finis logicis,
Is, to dispute well, Logicks chickest end
Affords this Art no greater miracle?
Then read no more thou hast attained the end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus wit,
Bid Oeconomia farewell Galen come:
Særing, vbi definit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus.
Be a phisition Faustus, heape vp golde,
And be eternizd for some wondrous cure,
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of phisicke is our bodys health:
Why Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talke sound Aphorismes?
Are not thy billes hung vp as monuments,
Whereby whole Citties haue escapt the plague,
And thousand desperat maladies beens easde,
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Wouldst thou make man to liue eternally?
Or being dead raise them to life againe?
Then this profession were to be esteem'd,
Phisicke farewell, where is Iustinian?
Si vna eademque res legatus duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A pretty case of paltry legasles:
Exhereditari filium non potest pater nisi:
Such is the subject of the institute

And

Doctor Faustus.

And vniuersall body of the Church:
His study fits a mercenary drudge,
who aimes at nothig but externall trash,
The Diuell and illiberall for me:
When all is done Diuintly is best.
Ieromes Bible, Faustus, viewe it well.
Stipendium peccati mors est: ha, Stipendium, &c.
The reward of sinne is death: thats hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we haue no sinne,
We deceiue our selues and theres no truth in vs.
Why then belike we must sinne,
And so consequently die.
I, we must die an everlasting death:
What Doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera,
What will be shall be: Diuinity adieu,
These Metaphisicks of Magicians,
And Pegromantike booke are Heauenly
Lines, cercles, seanes, letters and characters:
I, these are those that Faustus most desires.
What a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honoꝝ, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious Artizan.
All thinges that moue betwixt the quiet poles,
Shall be at my command, Emperours and Kings,
Are but obaid in their seuerall Prouinces:
Noꝝ can they raise the wind oꝝ rend the clouds:
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as farre as doth the mind of man.
A sound Magician is a mighty god:
Here Faustus try thy braines to gaine a deity.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner. commend me to my deere friends,
The Germaine vaildes, and Cornelius,
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will sir

Exit.

Fau. Their conference will be a greater helpe to me:

Then

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Then all my labours plodde I nere so fast.

Enter the good Angell and the euell Angell.
Good, A. O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside,
And gaze not on it least it tempt thy soule,
And heape Gods heavy rod vpon thy head,
Read, read the scriptures, that is blasphemie.

Euell An. Goe forward Faustus in that famous art,
Wherein all natures treasure is containde:
Be thou on earth as Ioue is in the sky,
Lord and commaunder of these Elements. Exeunt.

Fau. How am I gluffed with conceit of this,
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolue me of all ambiguities,
Performe what desperate enterprize I will:
Ile haue them fly to India for gold,
Ransacke the Ocean for orient Pearle,
And search all corners of the new found world
For pleasant fruites and princely delicates:
Ile haue them read me strange philosophie,
And tell the secrets of all foraine kings,
Ile haue them wall all Germany with brasse,
And make swift Rhine circle faire Wertenberge,
Ile haue them fill the publike scholes with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be brauely clad:
Ile leuie Soldiers with the coine they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And raigne sole King of all the prouinces,
Pea stranger engines for the brunt of warre,
Then was the fiery keele at Antwerpes bridge,
Ile make my seruile spirits to inuent:
Come Germaine Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference,
Valdes, swete Valdes and Cornelius.

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.
Know that your words haue won me at the last,

To

Doctor Faustus.

To practise magicke and concealed arts:
Yet not your words onely, but mine owne fantasie.
That will receiue no object for my head,
But ruminates on Negromantique skill,
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and phisick are for petty wits,
Diuinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and vild,
Tis magicke, magicke that hath raiisht me,
Then gentle friends aide me in this attempt,
And I that haue with Coniurylogisines
Cranel'd the Pastors of the Germane Church,
And made the flowing pride of Wertenberg,
Swarme to my Problemes as the infernall spirits,
On sweet Masæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was
Whose shadowes made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus these booke thy wit and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize vs,
As Indian Moyses obey their Spanish Lords,
So shall the subiects of euery element
Be alwayes seruiceable to vs three,
Like Lions shall they guard vs when we please,
Like Almaigne Cutters with their horsemens stauces,
Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides,
Sometimes like women, or vnwedded maides,
Shadowing more beauty in their ayrie browes,
Then in their white breasts of the queene of Loue:
From Venice shall the dragge huge Argoces,
And from America the golden fleece,
That yearely stufes old Philips treasure
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Fau. Valdes as resolute am I in this
As thou to liue, therefore object it not.

Cor. The miracles that Magicke will performe,
Will make thee bow to study nothing else,
He that is groundes in Astrologie,

Inricht

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Enricht with tongues well sene in mineralls,
With all the principals Magick doth require,
Then doubt not (Faustus) but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Then hetherto the Delphian Oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dye the Sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foraine wackes,
I all the welth that our forefathers hid
Within the massie entrails of the earth.

Then tell me Faustus, what shall we thæ want?

Fau. Nothing Cornelius, O this cheares my soule,
Come shew me some demonstrations magicall,
That I may coniure in some little groue,
And haue these ioues in full possession.

Val. Then hast thæ to some solitarie groue,
And beare wise Bacons and Albanus woorkes,
The Hebrew Psalter and new Testament,
And whatsoener else is requist.

We will informe thæ ere our conference cease.

Cor. Valdes, first let him know the woords of art,
And then all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may trie his cunning by himselfe,

Aal. First Ile instruct thæ in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter then I.

Fau. Then come and dine with me, and after meate,
Weele canuas enery quidditie thereof:
For ere I sleepe Ile trie what I can doe,
This night Ile coniure though I die therefore.

Exeunt.

Enter two Schollers.

1. Scho. I wonder whats becom of Faustus, that was
wont to make our schooles ring with, sic probo.

2. Sc. That shall we know, for se here comes his boy

Enter Wagner.

1. Sch. How now strra wheres thy maister?

Wag. God in Heanen knowes.

2. Why, dost not thou know?

VVag

Doctor Faustus.

Wag. Yes I know, but that follows not.

1. Go to sirra, leaue your teasing, and tell vs where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument that you being licentiat should stand vpon it, therfore acknowledge your error, and be attentine.

2. Why, didst thou not say thou knewst?

Wag. Haue you any witnesse on it?

1. Yes sirra, I heard you.

Wag. Aske my fellow if I be a thiefe.

2. Well you will not tell vs.

Wag. Yes sir, I will tell you, yet if you were not dunces you would neuer aske me such a question, for is not he corpus naturale, and is not that mobile, then wherefore should you aske me such a question: but that I am by nature Aegmaticke, slowe to wrath, and prone to leachery, (to lone I would say) it were not for you to come within forty fote of the place of execution, although I doe not doubt to see you both hang'd the next Sessions. Thus hauing triumpht ouer you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speake thus: truely my deere brethren, my maister is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it could speake, it would enforme your worships, and soe the Lord blesse you, preserue you, and keepe you my deere brethren, my deere brethren.

Exit.

1. May then I feare he is false into that damned art, for which they tyme are infamous through the world.

2. Were he a stranger and not alied to me, yet should I grieue for him: but come let vs go and informe the Rector, and see if he by his graue counsell can reclaime him.

1. O but I feare me nothing can reclaime him.

2. Yet let vs trie what we can doe

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus to coniure.

Fau. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Linging to view Orions beaming looke,

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Leapes from th' antartike world unto the skie,
 And dimmes the welkin with her pitchy breath:
 Faustus begin thine incantations,
 And trie if Diuels will obey thy best,
 Seeing thou hast prayde and sacrific'd to them.
 Within this circle is Iehouahs name,
 Forward and backward, and Agramithist,
 The breuiated names of holy Saints,
 Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens,
 And characters of signes and erring Starres.
 By which the spirits are inforc't to rise.
 Then feare not Faustus, but be resolute,
 And try the vnttermost Magick can perfoyme.

Sint mihi dei acherontis propitii, valeat nume triplex Icho-
 va, ignei aerii, Aquatani spiritus saluete, Orientis princeps
 Belsibub, inferni ardentis monarcha & demigorgon, pro-
 pitiamus vos, vt aperiatur & surgat Mephastophilis, quod tu-
 meraris, per Iehouam, gehennam & consecratam aquam
 quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, &
 per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis Mephasto-
 philis.

Enter a Diuell.

I charge thee to returne and change thy shape,
 Thou art too ugly to attend on me,
 Goe and returne an old Franciscan Friar,
 That holy shape becomes a diuell best.

Exit Diuell.

I see theres vertue in my heuenly words,
 Who would not be proficient in this art?
 How pliant is this Mephastophilis:
 Full of obedience and humilitie,
 Such is the force of Magicke and my spels.
 No Faustus, thou art coniturer laureate
 That canst command great Mephastophilis,
 Quia regis Mephastophilis fratris imagine.

Enter Mephastophilis.

Me- Now Faustus, what wouldst thou haue me do:

Fau. I charge thee wait vpon me whilst I line,

To

Doctor Faustus.

To do what euer Faustus shall commaund,
Be it to make the Moone drop from her spheare,
Or the Ocean to ouerwhelme the world.

Me. I am a seruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leaue,
So moze then he commands must we performe.

Fau. Did not he charge thee to appeare to me?

Me. No, I came now hither of mine owne accord.

Fau. Did not my continuing spirits raise thee? speake.

Me. That was the cause, but yet per accident,
For when we heare one racke the name of God,
Abiure the Scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,
We flye in hope to get his glorious soule,
Nor will we come, vnlesse he vse such meanes
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the shortest cut for coniuring,
Is stoutly to abiure the Trinity,
And pray deuoutly to the prince of hell.

Fau. So Faustus hath already done, & holdes this princ:
There is no cheefe but onely Belshub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate him-selfe:
This word damnation terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elizium,
His ghost be with the old Philosophers,
But leauing these vaine trifles of mens soules,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy Lord?

Me. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Fau. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?

Me. Yes Faustus, and most dearely lou'd of God.

Fau. How comes it then that he is prince of Diuels?

Me. By aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heauen.

Fau. And what are you that liue with Lucifer?

Me. Unhappy spirits that liue with Lucifer:
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer:
And are for euer damn'd with Lucifer.

Fau. Where are you damn'd?

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Me. In hell.

Fau. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Me. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it:

Thinkest thou that I that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternall ioyes of heauen,
Am not tormented with ten thousand helles,
In being depriv'd of everlasting blisse:

O Faustus, leaue these frivallous demaunds,
Which strikes a terror to my fainting soule.

Fau. What is great Mephastophilis so passionate,
For being depriv'd of the ioyes of heauen?

Learn thou of Faustus, manly fortitude,
And scorne those ioyes thou neuer shlt posses.

Goe beare those tidings to great Lucifer,
Saying Faustus, hath incur'd eternall death,
By desperate thoughts against Ioues deity:

Say he surrenders to him his soule,

So he will spare him 24. yeeres,

Letting him live in all voluptuousnes,

Waiting thee euer to attend on me,

To giue whatsoeuer I shall aske,

To tell me whatsoeuer I demaund,

To slay mine enemies and to ayde my friends,

And alwayes be obedient to my will:

Goe and returne to mightie Lucifer,

And meete me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve me of thy maisters minde.

Me. I will Faustus.

Exit.

Fau. Had I as many soules as there be starres,
I'de giue them all for Mephastophilis:

By him Ile be great Emperour of the world,

And make a bridg through the mouing ayre,

To passe the Ocean with a band of men,

Ile torne the hills that binde the Affricke shore,

And make that land contiguous to Spaine,

And both contributory to my crowne:

The Emperour shall not live but by my leaue,

Doctor Faustus.

For any Potentate of Germany:

So that I haue obtain'd what I desire,

He line inspeculation of this art,

Till Mephastophilis returne againe:

Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Sirra boy, come hither.

Clo. How, boy? Swolens boy I hope you haue sene many boyes with such picadebants as I haue. Boy quotha?

Wag. Tell me sirra, hast thou any commings in?

Clo. I and goings out too, you may see else.

Wag. Alas poore slaue, see how pouerty iesteth in his nakednesse, the villain is bare and out of seruice, and so hungry, that I know he would giue his soule to the Diuel for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood rawe.

Clo. how, my soule to the Diuell for a shoulder of mutton though it were blood rawe? not so good friend, burlady I had neede haue it well roasted and good sawce to it if I pay so deere.

VVag. wel, wilt thou serue me, and Ile make thee goe like Qui mihi discipulus?

Clo. How in verie?

VVag. No sirra in beaten tilke and slaues acre.

Clo. how, how, knaues acre? I, I thought that was all the land his father left him: Do ye heare I would be sozry to robbe you of your liuing.

VVag. Sirra I say in slaues acre.

Clo. Who, oho, slaues acre, why then belike, if I were your man I should be full of vermine.

Wag. So thou shalt whether thou beest with me, or no: but sirra, leaue your iesting, and binde your selfe presently vnto me for seauen yeeres, or Ile turne all the lice about thee into familiars and they shall teare thee in peeces.

Clo. Doe you heare sir, you may saue that labour, they are too familiar with me already, swolens they are as hold with my flesh, as if they had paid for my meate and drinke.

Wag. Well doe you heare sirra: hold, take these gilbers.

Clo. Gildyrons what be they?

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Wag. Why french crownes.

Clo. Was but for the name of french crownes a man were as good haue as many english counters, and what should I do with these?

Wag. Why now sirra thou art at an houres warning whensoever or wheresoeuer the diuell shall fetch thee.

Clo. No no, here take your gridirons againe.

Wag. Truly I knowe of them.

Clo. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Beare witnesse I gaue them him.

Clo. Beare witnesse I giue them you againe.

Wag. Well I will cause two diuels presently to fetch thee away, Baliol and Belcher.

Clo. Let your Balio and your Belcher come here, & I le knock the, they were neuer so knockt since they were diuels, say I should kil one of the what would folks say: do ye see yonder tal fellew in the round top, he has kild y diuell, so I should be cald kill diuel al the parish ouer.

Enter two diuels, and the Clowne runnes vp
and downe the Stage.

Wag. Baliol and Beleher, spirits away. Exeunt.

Clo. What, are they gon? a vengeance on them, they haue bild long n ailes, ther was a hœ diuel & a shœ diuel, I le tel you how you shall know them, all hœ diuels has hornes, and all shœ diuels has clifts and clouen fete.

Wag. Well sirra follow me.

Clo. But do you heare? if I should serue you, would you teach me to raise vp Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I wil teach thee to turne thy selfe to any thing, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a ratte, or any thing,

Clo. How: a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat: no, no sir, if you turne mee into any thing, let it be in the likeness of a pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and euery where, & I le tie the pretty wenches plackets; I le be amongst them if I can.

Wag.

Doctor Faustus.

Wag. Well sirra come.

Clo. But do you heare Wagner?

Wag. How Balioll and Belcher.

Clo. O Lord I pray sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleepe.

Wag. Villaine call me maister Wagner, & let thy left eye be diametarily fixt vpon my right heele, with quasi vestigias nostras insistere. Exit.

Clo. God forgine me, he speakes Dutch fustian: well, Ile follow him, Ile serue him, thars flat. Exit.

Enter Faustus in his study.

Fau. Now Faustus must thou needs be damnd,
And canst thou not be saued?
What bootes it then to thinke of God or heauen?
Away with such bayne fancies and dispayre,
Dispaire in God, and trust in Belsabub:
Now go not backward: no Faustus, be resolute.
Why wauerest thou? Somthing soundeth in mine eares:
Ablure this Magicke, turne to God agayne.
I and Faustus will turne to God agayne:
To God: he loues thee not,
The God thou seruest is thine owne appetite,
Wherein is first the loue of Belsabub,
To him Ile build an altar, and a church,
And offer luke-warme blood of new borne babes.

Enter good Angell and euill.

Good An. Sweet Faustus, leaue that execrable art.

Fau. Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?

Good An. O they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.

Euil An. Rather illusions fruites of lunacy.

That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

Good An. Sweet Faustus thinke of heauen, and heauenly things.

Euil An. No Faustus, thinke of honoz and of wealth.

Fau. Of wealth, Exeunt.

Why the signoz of Emlden shall be mine,

When Mephastophilis shall stand by me:

What

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What God can hurt thee Faustus, thou art safe,
Cut no more doubts, come Mephastophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
It not midnight? come Mephastophilis,
Veni veni Mephastophile. Enter Meph.
Now tell, what sayes Lucifer thy Lord?

Me. That I shall waite on Faustus whilst I live,
Soe he will buy my seruice with his soule.

Fau. Alrcady Faustus hath hazerded that for thee.

Me. But Faustus thou must bequeath it solemnely,
And write a deede of gift with thine owne blood,
For that security craues great Lucifer:
If thou deny it I will backe to hell,

Fau. Stay Mephastophilis, and tell me, what good will
my soule doe thy Lord.

Me. Inlarge his kingdome.

Fau. Is that the reason he tempts vs thus?

Me. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Fau. Haue you any paine that tortures others?

Me. As great as haue the humane soules of men:
But tell me Faustus, shall I haue thy soule?
And I will be thy slaue and waite on thee,
And giue thee more then thou hast wit to aske?

Fau. I Mephastophilis, I giue it thee.

Me. Then stabbe thine arme couragiously,
And binde thy soule, that at some certaine day
Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne,
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Fau. Lo: Mephastophilis for loue of thee,
I cut mine arme and with my proper blood,
Asure my soule to be great Lucifers,
Chiefe Lord and regent of perpetuall night.
Tiew here the blood that trickles from mine arme
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But Faustus thou must write it in manner of a
deede of gift.

Fau. I so I will, but Mephastophilis my blood conleales
and

Doctor Faustus.

and I can write no more.

Me. He fetch the fire to dissolve it straight. Exit.

Fau. What might the staying of my blood portend
As it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streames it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soule: ah there it stayd,
Why shouldst thou not: is not thy soule thine owne?
Then write againe, Faustus gives to thee his soule.

Enter Mephistophilis with a chafin of coales.

Me. Here's fire, come Faustus, set it on.

Fau. So now the blood begins to cleare againe,
Now will I make an end immediately.

Me. What will I not do to obtaine his soule?

Fau. Consummatum est, this ill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on my arme?
Homo fuge, whether should I flye?
If unto God he'll throw thee downe to hell,
My senses are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ,
I see it playne, here in this place is writ,
Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus flye:

Me. He fetch him some what to delight his minde.

Exit.

Enter with diuels, giuing crownes and rich apparell to
Faustus, and daunce, and then depart.

Fau. Speake Mephistophilis, what meanes this showe?

Me. Nothing Faustus but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what Magicke can performe.

Fau. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Me. I Faustus, and do greater things then these.

Fau. Then ther's inough for a thousand soules:

Here Mephistophilis receive this scrowle,
A deed of gift of body and of soule:
But yet conditionally, that thou performe
All articles prescrib'd betweene vs both.

C

Me.

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Me. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises betwene vs made.

Fau. Then heare me read them: on these conditions following.

First, that Faustus may bee a spirit in forme and substance.

Secondly, that Mephastophilis shall be his seruant, and at his command.

Thirdly, that Mephastophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoeuer.

Fourthly, that hee shall bee in his chamber or house inuisible.

Lastly, that he shall appeare to the said Iohn Faustus at all times, in what forme and shape soeuer he please.

I Iohn Faustus of wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, doe giue both body and soule to Lucifer prince of the East, and his minister Mephastophilis, and furthermore grant vnto them, that 24. yeares being expired, the articles aboue written inuiolate, full power to fetch or carry the said Iohn Faustus body and soule, flesh, bloud, or goods into their habitation wheresoeuer.

By me Iohn Faustus.

Me. Speake Faustus, do you deliuer this as your deede?

Fau. I, take it, and the diuell giue thee good on't.

Me. Now Faustus aske what thou wilt.

Fau. First will I question thee about hell,

Tel me, where is the place that men call hell?

Me. Under the Heauens.

Fau. I, but where about?

Me. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remaine for euer,

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one selfe place, for where we are is hell,

And where hell is, must we euer be:

And to conclude, when all the world dissolues,

And euery creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that is not heauen.

Fau.

Doctor Faustus.

Fau. Come, I thinke hell's a fable.

Me. I thinke so still, till experience change thy minde.

Fau. Why? think'st thou then that Faustus shall bee
damn'd?

Me. I of necessity, for here's the scrowle,
wherin thou hast giuen thy soule to Lucifer.

Fau. I, and body too, but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond,
To imagine that after this life there is any payne?
Tush these are trifles and old wiues tales.

Me. But Faustus I am an instance to proue the con-
trary, for I am damn'd, and am now in hell.

Fau. How? now in hell? nay and this be hell, I willingly
be damn'd here: what walking, disputing, &c. But lea-
uing off this, let me haue a wife, the sayrest mayd in Ger-
many, for I am wanton and lasciuious, and cannot liue
without a wife.

Me. How, a wife? I prithée Faustus talke not of a wife.

Fau. Nay sweet Mephastophilis fetch me one, for I will
haue one.

Me. What thou wilt haue one, stay there till I come, I'll
fetch thee a wife in the diuels name.

Enter with a diuell drest like a woman,
with fire workes.

Me. Tell Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

Fau. A plague on her for a hote whoze.

Me. But Faustus, marriage is but a ceremoniall toy, if
thou louest me thinke no more of it,
I'll cull thee out the sayrest curtezans,
And bring them euery morning to thy bed,
She whom thy eye shall like, thy heart shall haue,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautifull
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this booke, peruse it thorowly,
The iterating of these lines brings gold,

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The framing of this circle on the ground,
Wings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy selfe,
And men in armour shall appeare to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desire'st.

Fau. Thanks Mephastophilis, yet faine would I haue a
book wherein I may behold all spels and incantations, that
I might raise by spirits when I please.

Me. Here they are in this book. Turne to them.

Fau. Now would I haue a book where I might see all cha-
racters and Planets of the heauens, that I might knowe
their motions and dispositions.

Me. Here they are too. Turne to them.

Fau. Now let me haue one book more, and then I haue
done, wherein I might see all plants, herbs and trees that
grow upon the earth.

Me. Here they be.

Fau. O thou art deceived.

Me. But I warrant thee. Turne to them.

Fau. When I behold the heauens, then I repent,
And curse thee wicked Mephastophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those loves.

Me. Why Faustus,
Think'st thou heauen such a glorious thing?
I tell thee tis not halfe so faire as thou,
O any man that breaths on earth.

Fau. How perceiv'st thou that?

Me. It was made for man, therefore is man more ex-
cellent.

Fau. If it were made for man, twas made for mee:
I will renounce this Magicke and repent.

Enter good Angell and euill Angell.

Good An. Faustus, repent yet, God will pittie thee.

Euill An. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pittie thee.

Fau. Who buzzeth in mine eares I am a spirit:
Be I a diuel, yet God may pittie me,
I God will pittie me if I repent.

Euill,

Doctor Faustus.

But An. I but Faustus neuer shall repent, Excunt.

Fau. My heart's so hardened I cannot repent,
 Scarce can I name saluation, faith, or heauen,
 But fearefull ecchoes thunders in mine eares,
 Faustus, thou art damn'd, then swords and knives,
 Doyson, gunnes, halters and inbenom'd stile
 Are layd befoze me to dispatch my selfe,
 And long ere this I should haue slaine my selfe,
 Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep dispayre.
 Haue not I made blinde Homer sing to me,
 Of A' exanders lone, and Enons death,
 And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
 with rauishing sound of his melodious harp
 Made musicke with my Mephastophilis,
 Why should I dye then, or basely dispayre?
 I am resolu'd Faustus shall nere repent,
 Come Mephastophilis let vs dispute again,
 And argue of diuine Astrologie:

Tel me, are ther many heauens aboue the Moone
 Are all celestiaall bodies but one globe,
 As is the substance of this centricke earth?

Me. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
 Mutually folded in each others orb,
 And Faustus all ioyntly moue vpon one arletre,
 Whose terminine is term'd the worldes wide pole,
 For are the names of Saturne, Mars or Iupiter
 Faine, but are erring starres.

Fau. But tell me, haue they all one motion both heu &
 tempore.

Me. All ioyntly moue from East to West in 24. houres
 vpon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion vpon
 the poles of the Zodiacke.

Fau. Thus, these slender trifles Wagner can decide,
 Hath Mephastophilis no greater skill?
 Who knowes not the double motion of the Planets?
 The first is finisht in a naturall day,
 The second thus, as Saturne in 30. yeares, Iupiter in 12.

C

Mars.

The tragicall history of

Mars, in 4. the Sonne, Venus, and mercury in a yeare: the Moone in 28. daies: tush these are fresh mens suppositions, but tel me, hath euery spheare a dominion o' Intelligencie?

Me. Y.

Fau. How many heauens o' spheares are there?

Me. Nine, the seauen Planets, the Firmament, and the Imperiall heauen.

Fau. Well resolve mee in this question, why haue we not coniunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some yeares we haue more, some lesse?

Me. Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.

Fau. Well, I am answered, tel me who made the world?

Me. I will not.

Fau. Sweet Mephastophilis tell me.

Me. Heue me not, for I will not tell thee.

Fau. Willaine haue not I bound thee to tel me any thing?

Me. Y, that is not against our kingdome, but this is, Thinke thou on hell Faustus for thou art damnd.

Fau. Thinke Faustus vpon God that made the world.

Me. Remember this.

Exit.

Fau. I, go accursed spirit to holly hell,
Tis thou hast damnd distressed Faustus soule:
Is not too late?

Enter good Angel and cuill.

Euil A. Too late,

Good A. Neuer too late, if Faustus can repent.

Euil A. If thou repent diuels shal teare thee in peeces.

Good A. Repent & they shal neuer raze thy skin. Excunt.

Fau. Oh Christ my Saviour, seeke to saue distressed Faustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belsabub and Mephastophilis.

Lu. Christ cannot saue thy soule, for he is iust,
Theres none but I haue interest in the same.

Fau. O who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Lu. I am Lucifer, and this is my companion Prince in hell.

Fau. O Faustus they are come to fetch away thy soule.

Lu.

Doctor Faustus.

Lu. We come to tel thee thou dost iniure vs,
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise,
Thou should'st not thinke of God, think of the diuell,
And of his dame too.

Fau. No: will I hence forth, pardon me in this,
And Faustus bowes neuer to looke to heauen.
Neuer to name God, or to pray to him,
To burne his Scriptures, slay his Ministers,
And make my spirits pull his Churches downe.

Lu. Do so, and we will highly gratifie thee:
Faustus, we are come from hel to shew thee some pastime
sit downe, and thou shalt see all the seauen deadly sinns ap-
peare in theyr proper shapes.

Fau. What sight will be as pleasing unto me, as Para-
dise was to Adam, the first day of his creation.

Lu. Talke not of Paradise, nor creation, but mark this
show, talke of the diuell, and nothing else: come away.

Enter the seauen deadly sinnes.

Now Faustus, examine them of their severall names
and dispositions.

Fau. What art thou the first.

Pride. I am Pride, I disdaine to haue any parents, I
am like to Ouids swan, I can creep into every corner of a
wench, sometimes like a periwig, I sit vpon her brow, or
like a fan of feathers, I kisse her lips, indeed I doe, what
doe I not: but sic, what a scent is heere: Ile not speake an
other word, except the ground were perfum'd and cover-
red with cloth of arras.

Fau. What art thou the second.

Cou. I am Coueteousnes, begotten of an old churle,
in an old leatherne bagge: and might I haue my wish, I
would desire that this house, and all the people in it were
turn'd to gold, that I might locke you vp in my good chest,
O my sweete Gold!

Fau. What art thou the third.

Wrath. I am Wrath, I had neither father nor mother, I
leapt out of a lions mouth, when I was scarce half an houre
old

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old, and ever since I haue run by and doctore the world, with this case of rapiers wounding my selfe, when I had no body to fight withall: I was bozne in hell, and looke to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Fau. What art thou: the fourth.

Enuy. I am Enuy, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper, and an Oyster wife, I cannot read, and therfore with al bookes were burnt: I am leane with seeing others eate, and that there would come a famine through al the world, that all might dye, and I liue alone, then thou shouldst see how fat I would bee: but must thou sitte and I stand: come downe with a vengeance.

Fau. Away enuious rascall: what art thou the fift.

Glut. Who I sir, I am Gluttony, my parents are all dead, and the diuell a penny they haue left me, but a bare pension, and that is 30. meales a day, and ten beaues, a small trifle to suffice nature, and I come of a royall parentage, my grandfather was a gammon of bacon, my grandmother a hogshhead of Claret wine: My godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas-beef, and but my godmother she was a iolly gentlewoman, and welbeloued in euery good towne and citie, her name was mistresse Margery March-beere: Now Faustus thou hast heard all my Progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper.

Fau. No Ile see thee hang d first, thou wilt eate vp all my victuals.

Glut. Then the diuell choake thee.

Fau. Choake thy selfe glutton: what art thou: the sixt.

Sloth. I am Sloath, I was begotten on a sunny banke, where I haue laine ever since, and you haue done mee great iniury to bring me from thence, let mee be carryed thither againe by Gluttony and Leachery, Ile not speak an other word for a kings rancome.

Fau. What are you mistresse minckes? the seauenth and last.

Leach. Who I sir? I am one that loues an inch of raineutton better then an ell of fryde stock-fish, and the first letter

Doctor Faustus.

I letter of my name begins with leachery.

Away to hel, to hel. Excunt the sins.

Lu. Now Faustus how dost thou like this?

Fau. O this feeds my soule.

Lu. Tut Faustus, in hell is al manner of delight.

Fau. O might I see hell, and returns againe, how happy were I then?

Lu. Thou shalt, I wil send for thee at midnight, in mean time take this book, peruse it thoroughly, & thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Fau. Great thanks mighty Lucifer, this will I keepe as chary as my life.

Lu. Farewell Faustus, and thinke on the diuell.

Fau. Farewell great Lucifer, come Mephastophilis.

Excunt omnes.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus,

To know the secrets of Astronomy

Grauen in the booke of Ioues high firmament,

Did mount him selfe to scale Olympustop,

Being seated in a chariot burning bright,

Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons necks,

He now is gon to prone Cosmography,

And as I gesse will first arriue at Rome,

To see the Pope and manner of his Court,

And take some part of holy Peters feast,

That to this day is highly solemnized.

Exit wagner.

Enter Faustus and Mephastophilis.

Fau. Having now, my good Mephastophilis,

Past with delight the stately towne of Trier,

Anuirond round with ayry mountaine tops,

With walles of flint, and deepe intrenched lakes,

Not to be wonne by any conquering Prince,

From Paris next coasting the Realme of France,

We saw the riuer Rhine fall into Rhine,

Whose banks are set with groues of fruitfull vines.

Then vp to Naples, rich Campania,

Whose

whose

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Whose buildings sayre and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pau'd with finest bricke,
Quarters the towne in foure equiuolence.
Thers saw we learned Maroes golden tombe,
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Thorough a rocke of stone in one nights space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In midst of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threates the stars with her aspiring toppe.
Thus hether to hath Faustus spent his time,
But tell me now, what resting place is this?
Wast thou as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the wals of Rome.

Me. Faustus I haue, and because we wil not be improu-
ided, I haue taken by his holynesse priuy chamber for
our vse.

Fau. I hope his holynes wil bid vs welcome. (cheare,
Me. Sir, tis no matter man, woele be bold w his good
And now my Faustus, that thou maist perceiue
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this citte stands vpon seauen hills
That vnderpreps the groundwozke of the same,
Ouer the which foure stately bridges leane.
That makes safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge call'd Ponto Angelo,
Erected is a Castle passing strong,
Within whose wals such store of ordinance are,
And double Canons, fram'd of carued brasle,
As match the daies within one compleat yeare,
Besides the gates and hyppiramides,
Which Iulius Caesar brought from Affrica.

Fau. Now by the kingdomes of infernall rule,
Of Styx, Acheron and the fiery lake
Of euer burning Plegiton I sweare,
That I do long to see the monuments,
And situation of bright splendant Rome,
Come therefore lets away,

Me.

Doctor Faustus.

Me. Nay Faustus stay, I know youd faine see the Pope
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
Where thou shalt see a troupe of bald-pate Friers,
Whose summum bonum is in belly cheare.

Fau. Well, I am content, to compasse then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.

Then charme me that I may be inuisible, to do what I
please vnscen: of any whilst I stay in Rome.

Me. So Faustus now do what thou wilt, thou shalt not
be discerned.

Sound a Sinet, enter the Pope and Cardinal of Lorraine
to the banquet, with Fryers attending.

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, wilt please you draw nerre.

Fau. Fal too, and the diuell choake you and you spare.

Pope. How now, whose that which spake? Friers looke
about.

Fri. Here's no body, if it like your Holynesse.

Pope. My Lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from
the Bishop of Millaine.

Fau. I thanke you sir.

Snatch it.

Pope. How now, whose that which snatcht the meate
from me? wil no man looke?

My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of
Florence.

Fau. You say true, He hate.

Pope. What again? my Lord ile drinke to your Grace.

Fau. He pledge your grace.

Lor. My Lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of
Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your holynesse.

Pope. It may be so, Friers prepare a dirge to lay the fu-
of this ghost, once againe my Lord fall too.

The Pope crosseth him-selfe.

Fau. What are you crossing of your selfe?

Well ble that tricke no more, I would aduise you.

Crosse againe.

Fau. Well, ther's the second time, aware the third,
I giue you sayze warning.

D 2

Crosse

The Tragicall history of

Crosse againe, and Faustus hits him a boxe on the eare
and they all run away.

Fau. Come on Mep. astrophitis, what shall we do?

Me. Nay I know not, we shall be curst with bell, booke,
and candle.

Fau. How: bel, booke, and candle, candle, booke, and bell,
forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.
Anon you shall heare a hog grunt, a calfe bleat, and an asse
bay, because it is S. Peters holy day.

Enter all the Friers to sing dirge.

Frier. Come brethren, lets about our busines with good
deuotion.

Sing this: Cursed be he that stole his holynesse meat from
the table. Maledicat dominus.

Cursed be hee that strooke his holynesse a blow on the face.
Maledicat dominus.

Cursed be he that tooke Frier Sandelo a blow on the pate.
male &c.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy Dirge.
male. &c.

Cursed be he that tooke away his holynesse wine.
male, &c.

Et omnes sancti Amen.

Beat the Friers, and fling fire-workes among
them, and so exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

When Faustus had with pleasure tane the biew
Of rarest things, and royall courts of Kings,
He staid his course, and so returned home,
Where such as beare his absence, but with græse,
I meane his friendes and hearest companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kinde words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his iourney through the world and ayre,
They put forth questions of Astrologie,

which

Doctor Faustus.

Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skil,
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit,
Now is his fame ipeach forth in every land,
Amongst the rest the Emperour is one,
Carolus the fift, at whose Pallace now
Faustus is feasted amongst his Noble men,
I leane untold, your eyes shall see perform'd. Exit.

Enter Robin the Ostler with a booke in his hand.

Ro. O this is admirable! here I ha stolne one of doctor
Faustus coniuring books, and ifaith I meane to search some
circles for mine own vse, now wil I make al y maidens in
our parish dance at my pleasure starke naked before me, &
so by y meanes I shal see more then ere I felt, or saw yet.

Enter Rafe calling Robin.

Rafe. Robin, pithée come away, there's a Gentleman
farries to haue his horse, and hee would haue his thinges
rub'd and made cleane: he keeps such a chafing with my
mistresse about it, and she has sent me to looke thee out,
pithée come away.

Ro. Keepe out, keepe out, or else you are blowne vp, you
are dismembred Rafe, keepe out, for I am about a roaring
peece of worke.

Rafe. Come, what dost thou with the same booke thou
canst not read?

Ro. Yes, my maister and mistresse shall finde that I can
read, he for his fore-head, she for her priuate study, she's
bozne to beare with me, or else my art fayles.

Rafe. Why Robin what booke is that?

Ro. What booke? why the most intollerable booke for
coniuring that ere was inuented by any bzinstone diuel.

Rafe. Canst thou coniure with it?

Ro. I can do al these things easily with it: first, I can
make thee drunke with ipocrase at any Tauerne in Eu-
rope for nothing, thats one of my coniuring workes.

Rafe. Our maister Warson saies that's nothing.

Ro. True Rafe, and more Rafe, if thou hast any minde

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to Nan Spit our kitchin maide, then turne and winde her
to thine owne vse, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Rafe. O braue Robin, shal I haue Nan spit, and to mine
owne vse? On that condition: He feed thy diuell with horse
bread as long as he liues, of free cost.

Ro. No more sweete Rafe, lets go and make cleane our
boates which lye soule bypon our hands, and then to our
coniuering in the Diuels name. Exeunt.

Enter Robin and Rafe with a siluer goblet.

Ro. Come Rafe did not I tell thee, we were for euer
made by this docto: Faustus booke: ecce signum, heres a sim-
ple purchase for horse-keepers, our horses shal eat no hay as
long as this lasts. Enter the Vintner.

Rafe. But Robin here comes the Winter.

Robin. Hush, He gul him supernaturally: Drawer, I
hope al is paid, God be with you, come Rafe.

Vint. Soft Sir, a word with you, I must yet haue a
goblet payd from you ere you go.

Robin. I a goblet Rafe, I a goblet: I scozne you: and you
are but a ec. I a goblet: search me.

Vint. I meane so sir with your fauor.

Robin. How say you now?

Vintn. I must say somewhat to your fellow, you sir.

Rafe. He sir, me sir, search your fill: now sir, you may be
ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vintn. Well, some of you hath this goblet about you.

Rob. You lye Drawer, tis afoze me: Arra you, He teach
ye to impeach honest men: stand by, He scozne you for a
goblet, stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name
of Belzabub: looke to the goblet Rafe.

Vintn. What meane you arra?

Robin. He tell you what I meane. He reades.

Sactabulorum Periphrastricon: nay He tickle you Vintner,
looke to the goblet Rafe, Polypragmos Belseborams framan-
to pacostiphos tostu Mephastophilis. &c.

Enter Mephastophilis: sets squibs at their backes:
they runne about.

Vintner

Doctor Faustus.

Vintner O Nomine Domine, what meanest thou Robin?
thou hast no goblet.

Rafe Peccatum peccatorum, bears thy goblet, good vint-
ner.

Robin Misericordia pro nobis, what shall I doe good vint-
ner, forgive me now, and I'll neuer rob thy Library more,

Enter to them Meph.

Meph. I want villaines, the one like an Ape and other like
a Bear, the third an Asse for doing this enterprise.

Monarchs of hell, under whose black survey
Great Potentates do kneele with awfull feare,
Upon whose altars thousand soules doe lie,
How am I vexed with this villaines charmes?
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Onely for pleasure of these damned soules.

Rob. How, from Constantinople? you have had a great
journey, will you take six pence in your purse to pay for
your supper and be gone?

Me. Well villaines for your presumption, I transforme
thee into an Ape, and thee into a Dog and so be gon. Exit.

Rob. How into an Ape? that's brave. He have fine sport
with the boys, He get nuts and aples now.

Rafe, And I must be a Dogge. exeunt.

Robin I faith thy head will neuer out of the petage pot.

Enter Emperour, Faustus and a Knight
with attendants.

Emperour Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange re-
ports of thy knowledge in the black Art, how that none in my
Empire, nor in the whole world can compare with thee, for
the rare effects of Magicke: they say thou hast a familiar
spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list, this
therfore is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy
skill that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirme what my
eares have heard reported, and heere I swear to thee, by
the honoz of mine Imperia'll crowne, that what ever thou
doest, thou shalt be no wayes prejudiced or indamaged.

Knight I faith he looks much like a coniarer. aside.
Faust

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Fau. My gracious Soueraigne, though I must confesse my selfe far inferior to the report men haue published, and nothing answerable to the honor of your imperial maiesty yet so; that loue and duty bindes me thereunto, I am content to do what your maiesty shall command me.

Em. Then doctor, I haustus, marke what I shal say, As I was sometime solitary set, within my Closet, sundry thoughts arose, about the honour of mine auncestors, how they had won by prowesse such exployts, got such riches, subdued so many kingdomes, as we that do succed, or they that shall hereafter possesse our thron, shal (I feare me) neuer attaine to that degr of high renown and great authority, amongst which kings is Alexander the great, cheefe spectacle of the worlds preheminance,
The bright shining of whose glorious actes
As when I heare but motion made of him,
It græues my soule I neuer saw the man:
If therfore thou, by cunning of thine Art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies intomb'd this famous Conqueroz,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They vs'd to weare during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfie my iust desire,
And giue me cause to prasse thee whilst I liue.

Fau. My gracious Lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to performe.

Knight. I faith thats iust nothing at all. Aside.

Fau. But if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes, the true substantiall bodies of those two deceased princes which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. I mary maister doctor, now ther's a signe of grace in you when you wil confesse the truth. Aside.

Fau. But such spirits as can liuely resemble Alexander and his Paramour shal appear before your Grace, in that manner

Doctor Faustus.

manner that they best liu'd in, in their most flourishing estate, which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your Imperiall maiesty,

Em. Go too maister Doctor, let me see them presently.

Kn. Do you heare maister doctor, you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperoz?

Fau. How then sir?

Kn. I faith thats as true as Diana turn'd me to a stag.

Fau. So sir, but when Acteon dyed, he left the hoxnes for you: Mephastophilis be gone. Exit Meph.

Kn. Nay, and you go to conuincing, ilc be gon. Exit Kn.

Fau. Ile meete with you anon for interrupting me so; heere they are my gracious Lord.

Enter Meph with Alexander and his paramour.

Em. Maister Doctor, I heard this Lady while she liu'd had a moale or wart in hir necke, how shal I know whether it be so or no?

Fau. Your highnes may boldly go and see. Exit Alex.

Em. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantiall bodyes of these two deceased princes.

Fau. Willt please your highnesse now to send for the Knight that was so pleasant with me of late.

Em. One of you call him forth.

Enter the Knight with a paire of hornes on his head.

Em. How now sir Knight? why I had thought thou hadst bene a batcheler, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only giues thee hornes, but makes thee weare them, seele on thy head.

Kn. Thou damned wretch, and execrable dog,
Bread in the concaue of some monstrous rocke:
How dar'st thou thus abuse a Gentleman?
Willaine I say vndo what thou hast don.

C

Fau

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Fau. D not so fast sir, ther's no halt but good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperour? I thinke I haue met with you for it.

Emp. Good maister Doctor, at my intreaty release him, he hath done penance sufficient.

Fau. My gracious Lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faust: worthily requited this iniurious knight, which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his bonds: and sir knight, hereafter speake well of Schollers, Mephastophilis, transforme him strait. Now my good Lord hauing done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewel maister Doctor, yet ere you go, expect from me a bounteous reward. Exit Emperour.

Fau. Now Mephastophilis, the restless course that time doth run with calme and silent foote,
Shortning my daies and thred of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest yeares,
Therefore sweet Mephastophilis, let vs make hast to Wer-
terberg.

Me. What, will you go on horse-backe or on foot?

Fau. Nay, til I am past this fayre and pleasant green, I'll walk on foot. Enter a horse-courser.

Hors. I haue bin all this day seeking one maister Fustian: make for where he is, God saue you maister doctor.

Fau. What horse-courser, you are well met.

Hors. Doe you heare sir? I haue brought you forty dol-
lers for your horse.

Fau. I cannot sell him so: if thou lik'st him for fifty, take him.

Hors. Alas sir, I haue no more, I pray you speake for me.

Me. I pray you let him haue him, he is an honest fellow and he has a great charge, neyther wife nor child.

Fau. Well, come giue me your money, my boy will deliuer him to you: but I must tell you one thing before you haue him.

Doctor Faustus.

him, ride him not into the water at any hand.

Hors. Why sir, will he not drinke of all waters?

Fau. O yes, he wil drinke of al waters, but ride him not into the water, ride him ouer hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Hors. Wel sir, now I am a made man for euer, I le not leaue my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of hey ding, ding, hey ding, ding, I de make a brane living on him; he has a buttock as sick as an eele: wel god buy sir, your boy wil deliuer him me: but hark you sir, if my horse be sick or il at ease, if I bring his water to you, youle tel me what it

Exit Horse-courser. is?

Fau. Away you villaine: what, dost think I am a horse-doctor? what art thou Faustus but a man condemn'd to die? Thy fatall time doth draw to finall end,
Dispayre doth driue distrust vnto my thoughts,
Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe:
Tush, Christ did cal the theeſe vpon the Crosse,
The rest the Faustus quiet in conceit. Sleep in his chaire.

Enter horse-courser all wet crying.

Hors. Alas, alas, Doctor Fustian quoth a, mas doctor Lopus was neuer such a doctor, has giue me a purgation, has purg'd me of forty Dollers, I shal neuer see them more: but yet like an asse as I was, I would not be rul'd by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water; now I thinking my horse had had som rare quality that he would not haue had me known off, I like a ventrous youth, rid him into the deepe pond at the towne end, I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanisht away, and I sat vpon a bottle of hey, neuer so neere drowning in al my life, but I le seeke out my doctor, I haue my forty dollers againe, or I le make it the dearest horse: O ponder is his snipper snapper, do you heare? you, hey, passe, wher's your maister?

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Me. Why sir, why it would you: you cannot speak with him.

Horf. But I will speak with him.

Me. Why he's fast asleep, come some other time.

Horf. Ile speak with him now, or Ile breake his glasse windowes about his eares.

Me. I tel thee he has not slept these eight nights.

Horf. And hee haue not slept these eight weekes ile speak with him.

Me. See where he is fast asleep.

Horf. I, this is he, God saue ye maister doctor, maister doctor, maister doctor Russian, forty dollers, forty dollers for a bottle of hey.

Me. Why, thou seest he heares thee not.

Horf. So, ho, ho: so, ho, ho.

Hallow in his eare.

Pr, wil you not wake? Ile make you wake ere I go.

Pull him by the leg, and pul it away.

Alasse I am badone, what shal I do?

Fau. O my leg, my leg, help Sephastophilis, cal the Officers, my leg, my leg.

Me. Come villaine to the Constable.

Horf. O Lord sir, let me go, and Ile giue you forty dollers more.

Me. Where be they?

Horf. I haue none about mee, come to my Dastry and Ile giue them you.

Me. He gon quickly. Horse-courser runs away.

Fau. What is he gon? farewell hee, Faustus has his legge againe, & the horse-courser I take it, a bottle of hey for his labour; wel, this trickes shal cost him forty dollers more.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner, whats the newes with thee?

Wag.

Doctor Faustus.

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Fau. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whome I must be no niggard of my cunning, come Mephastophilis, let's away to him. Exeunt.

Enter to them the Duke and the Dutches.
the Duke speaks.

Du. Belæue me maister Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Fau. My gracious Lord, I am glad it contents you so well: but it may be Adam, you take no delight in this, I haue heard that great bellyed women do long for some dainties or other, what is it Adam: tell me, and you shall haue it.

D. c. h. Thanks good maister Doctor,
And for I see your curteous intet to pleasure me, I wil not hide from you the thing my heart desires, & were it now Summer, as it is January, & the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat then a dish of grapes.

Fau. Alas Adam, that's nothing, Mephastophilis, be gone: Exit Meph.. were it a greater thing then this, so it would content you, you should haue it: heere Enter Mephasto: they be Adam, wilt please you tast with the grapes on them?

Du. Belæue me maister Doctor, this makes me wonder aboue the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, & in the month of Ianuary, how you should come by these grapes?

Fau. If it like your grace, the yere is diuided into two circles ouer the whole world, that when it is here winter with vs, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, & farther countries in the East, & by means of a swift spirit that I haue, I had them brought hether, as ye see, how do you like them: Adam be they good?

Du. Belæue me maister doctor, they be the best grapes
C 3 that

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that ere I tasted in my life befoze.

Fau. I am glad they content you so Madam.

Du. Come Madame, let vs in, where you must wel reward this learned man for the great kindeesse he hath shew'd to you

Dut. And so I will my Lord, and whilst I live,
Rest beholding for this curtesie.

Fau. I humbly thanke your Grace.

Du. Come, maister Doctor, follow vs, and receive your reward.

Exeunt.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. I thinke my maister meanes to dye shortly,
For he hath giuen to me all his goods.
And yet me thinks, if that death were nere,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and stoll
Amongst the Students, as euen now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-chere,
As Wagner nere beheld in all his life.
See where they come: belike the feast is ended.

Enter Faustus with two or three Schollers.

1. Sch. Maister Doctor Faustus, Since our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beutifullst in al þ world, wee haue determined with our selues, þ Helen of Greece was the admirablest Lady that euer liued: therfore maister Doctor, if you wil do vs that fauor, as to let vs see that perrelesse Dame of Greece, whom al the world admires for maiesty, wee should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Fau. Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is vntained, Faustus custome is not to deny the iust request of those that wish him well, you shall behold that perrelesse Dame of Greece, no other waies for pomp & maiesty then when sir Paris cross the seas w her, and brought the spoiles to rich Dardania. Be silent then, for danger is in words,

Mu.

Doctor Faustus.

Musicke sounds, and Helen passeth ouer the Stage.

2. Sch. Too simple is my wit to tel her praise,
Whome all the world admires for Maiesty.

3. Sch. No maruaile tho the angry Grækes pursue
With ten yeares war the rape of such a Queene,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

1. Since we haue seene the pride of natures workes,
And only Paragon of excellence. Enter an old man.
Let vs depart, and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus enermore.

Fau. Gentlemen far well, the same I wish to you.

Exeunt Schollers.

Old. Ah Doctor Faustus, that I might preuaile,
To guide thy steps vnto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou maist attaine the goale
That shall conduct thee to celestiall rest.
Beeke heart, drop blood, and mingle it with teares,
Teares falling from repentant heauines
Of thy most vilde and loathsome filthynesse,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soule.
With such flagitious crimes of haynous sinnes,
As no commiseration may expell,
But mercy Faustus of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt. (done)

Fau. What art thou Faustus? wretch what hast thou
Damn'd art thou Faustus, damn'd, dispayre and dye,
Hel calls for right, and with a roaring voyce
Sates, Faustus come, thine houre is come, Meph. giues
And Faustus wil come to do thee right. him a dagger.

Old. Ah stay good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps,
I see an Angel heuers oze thy head,
And with a vial full of pretious grace,
Offers to powze the same into thy soule,
Then call for mercy and anoyd dispaire.

Fau. Ah my swete friend, I see thy words

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To comfort my distressed soule,
Leaue me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old. I go sweete Faustus, but with heauy cheare,
fearing the ruine of thy hopelesse soule.

Fau. Accursed Faustus where is mercy now?
I do repent, and yet I do dispayre:

Well strives with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Me. Thou traytor Faustus, I arrest thy soule
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,
Reuolt, or Ile in peece-meale teare thy flesh.

Fau. Sweet Mephistophilis, intreat thy Lord
To pardon my vniust presumption,
And with my blood againe I will confirme
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Me. Do it then quickly, with vnfeyned heart,
Least greater danger do attend thy drift.

Fau. Torment sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst diswade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Me. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule,
But what I may afflict his body with,
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Fau. One thing good seruant let me craue of thee
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,
That I might haue vnto my paramour,
That heauenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguishe cleane,
These thoughts that do diswade me from my vow,
And keepe my oath I made to Lucifer.

Me. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shalbe perform'd in twinking of an eye. Enter Helen.

Fau. Was this the face that lancht a thousand ships?
And burnt the toplesse Towres of Ilium?
Sweet Helen make me immortal with a kisse:
Her lips suck forth my soule, see where it lies:

Come

Do& or Faustus.

Come Helen, come giue me my soyle againe.
Here will I dwell, for heauen be in these lips,
And all is drosse that is not Helena: Enter old man.

I will be Paris, and for loue of thee,
In stead of Troy shall Wertenberg be sackt,
And I will combate with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy coulozs on my plumed Crest:
Yea I will wound Achillis in the heele,
And then returne to Helen for a kisse.

O thou art fairer then the euening ayre,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starres,
Brighter art thou then flaming Iupiter,
When he appear'd to haplesse Semele,
More louely then the monarcke of the skye
In wanton Arethusaes azurd armes,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Exeunt.

Old man. Accursed Faustus miserable man,
That from thy soule exclud'st the grace of heauen,
And flyest the throne of his tribunall seate,

Enter the Diuels.

Sathan begins to lift me with his pride,
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My fayth, vile hell, shall triumph ouer thee,
Ambitious fiends, see how the heauens smiles
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorne,
Hence hell, for hence I flye vnto my God.

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus with the Schollers.

Fau. Ah Gentlemen!

1. Sch. What ayles Faustus?

Fau. Ah my swart chamber-fellow! had I liued with thee,
then had I liued still, but now I dye eternally: look, comes
he not, comes he not?

2. Sch. What meanes Faustus?

3. Scholler. Belike he is growne into some sicknesse, by
being

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being ouer solitary.

1. Sch. If it be so, wæle haue Physicians to cure him,
tis but a surfet, neuer feare man.

Fau. A surfet of deadly sinne that hath damb'd both bo-
dy and soule.

2. Sch. Yet Faustus looke vp to heauen, remember
Gods mercies are infinite.

Fau. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned,
The Serpent that tempted Eue may be sau'd,
But not Faustus: Ah gentlemen, here me to patience, and
tremble not at my speeches, though my heart pants, & qui-
uers to remember that I haue bin a student here these 30.
yeares, & would I had neuer sene Wertenberge, neuer
read booke, & what wonders I haue done, all Germany can
witnes, yea al the world, for which Faustus hath lost both
Germany, & the world, yea heauen it selfe, heauen the seat
of god, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of ioy & must
remaine in hell for ever, hell, ah hel for ever, sweet friends,
what shall become of Faustus being in hel for ever.

3. Sch. Yet Faustus call on God.

Fau. On God whome Faustus hath abur'd, on God
whom Faustus hath blasphemed, ah my God, I would
weepe, but the Diuell drawes in my teares, gush forth
blood, in stead of teares, yea life and soule, Oh hee stayes
my tongue, I would lift vp my hands, but see, they holde
them, they hold them.

All. Who Faustus?

Fau. Lucifer and Mephastophilis.

Ah Gentlemen! I gane them my soule for my cunning.

All. God forbid.

Fau. God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for
vaine pleasure of 24. yeares hath Faustus lost eternal ioy
and felicity, I writ them a bill with mine owne blood, the
date is expired, the time wil come, and he wil fetch me.

1. Sch. Why did not Faustus tell vs of this before, that
Diuines might haue praid for thee?

Fau.

Doctor Faustus.

Fau. Oft haue I thought to haue done so, but the diuill
threatned to teare me in peeces if I nam'd God, to fetch
both body and soule, if I once gaue eare to Diuinity: and
now tis too late: Gentlemen away least you perish wth me.

2. Sch. What shall we do to Faustus?

Faustus. Take not of mee, but save your selues, and
depart.

3. Sch. God will strengthen me I will stay with Fau-
stus.

1. Sch. Tempt not God sweete friend, but let vs into
the next roomie, and there pray for him.

Fau. I pray for me, pray for me, and what noise soeuer
ye heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may
haue mercy vpon thee.

Fau. Gentlemen farewell, if I liue till morning, I'll vi-
site you: if not, Faustus is gon to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

Exeunt Sch.

The clocke strikes eleven.

Fau. Ah Faustus,

How hast thou but one bare houre to liue.

And then thou must be damn'd perpetually:

Stand stil you euer moouing spheres of heauen.

That time may cease, and midnight neuer come:

Faire Natures eye, rise, rise againe, and make

Perpetuall day, or let this houre be but a yere,

A month, a weeke, a naturall day,

That Faustus may repent and saue his soule,

O lente lente currite noctis equi:

The stars moue stil, time runs, y^e clocke will strike,

The diuel will come, & Faustus must be damn'd.

O Ile leap vp vnto my God: who puls me downe:

See see where Christs blood streames in the firmament,

One drop would saue my soule, half a drop, ah my Christ,

Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,

Yet will I call on him, oh spare me Lucifer!

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Where is it now: tis gone:

And see where God stretcheth forth his arme,
And bends his irefull bowes:

Mountaines and hills, come come and fall on me.

And hide me from the heauy wrath of God.

No no, then will I headlong run into the earth:

Earth gape, O no, it will not harbour me:

Yon stars that raignd at my nativity,

Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,

Into the intrayles of yon laboring cloud,

That when you vomit forth into the ayre,

My limbs may issue from your smoaky mouthes,

So that my soule may but ascend to heauen:

Ah, halfe the houre is past: The watch strikes.

I will all be past anon:

O God, if I will not haue mercy on my soule,

Yet for Christs sake whose blood hath ransom'd me,

Impose some end to my incessant payne,

Let Faustus liue in hell a thousand yeares,

A hundred thousand and at last be sau'd.

O no end is limited to damned soules:

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?

O, why is this immodest tall that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagoras metempsychosis were that true,

This soule should flie from me, and I be chang'd

Unto some brutish beast: all beasts are happy, for while they

Their soules are some disol'd in elements,

(die,

But mine must liue still to be plagu'd in hell:

Curst be the parents that ingendred me:

No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,

That hath depriv'd thee of the ioyes of heauen:

The clock striketh twelue.

O it strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,

O Lucifer will beare thee quick to hell:

Thunder and lightning.

By

Doctor Faustus.

Oh soule, be chang'd into little water drops,
And fall into the Ocean nere be found,
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me: enter diuels.
Adders and Serpents let me breathe a while:
Ugly heli gape not, come not Lucifer,
He burn my books, ah Mephastophilis, exeunt with him.

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might haue growne full straight,
And burned is Apolloes Laurell bough,
That sometime grew within this leaured man:
Faustus is gone regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiend-ful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at vnlawfull things,
Whose deepnes doth intice such forward wits,
To practise moze then heauenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, Terminat author opus.



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